

THE
Mournful Mite:
Or the TRUE
SUBJECT'S SIGH:
On the Death of the
ILLUSTRIOUS
And SERENE
CHARLES II.
KING
Of Great-Britain, France, and Ireland, &c.

BY
PETER KER.

*Hic non est intus CAROLUS Quintus,
Sed est Profundus CAROLUS Secundus.*

18

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To the Author.

Within this *Mite* is Comprehended more
Then all the *Pounds* were Publish'd heretofore.

G. B.

(3)

THE
Mournful Mite.
BEING A
P O E M
On the Death of
King CHARLES II.

STANZA I.

Lately I look'd up to promotions *Skie*;
Where I did Espye
The *Sun* and *Moon* of *Britains Church* and *State*
(Ah rigid Fate)
Eclips'd in Majesty.

II.

Amaz'd I Sigh'd, and pry'd within the Scene,
Beholding *Charles-wain*:
The *Via Lactea* seem'd to shrink away;
Night acted Day,
And Tears did flow Amain.

III.

I went to *Black*, but formerly *White-Hall*,
To know th' Original:

In *Threnodyes* they Sung; Our Royal Head
Is Cold and Dead;
Our Pomp turn'd Tragical.

IV.

I Sigh'd for *Charles* our King the Great and Good,
And Cry'd a Loud:

But (when I fear'd to sink in Seas of Grief)
Found no Relief;
Tears but increas'd the Flood.

V.

Yet (when the Sable Curtain was laid by)
I heard a Cry.

Th' Eclips not Total is (we trust)

For now the Shadow Flies;

And from the Phœnix precious Dust

A Phœbus doth Arise:

And then I wip'd mine Eyes.

FINIS.